
Grandmother Belle Remembers

By BELLE SCOTT BROWN



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*Grandmother Belle
Remembers*

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By
BELLE SCOTT BROWN

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Illustrations by
Caroline Keller Lewis



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MRS. BELLE S. BROWN

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To

*My beloved grandchildren, Chuck, Bob, Jim, Eddie,
Marianne and Rob who are justifying
the faith I have in my
own children.*

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FOREWORD

In this chronicle of my typical experiences in Texas is a panoramic view of an age seen through the eyes of an individual—a person who has traveled slowly enough in her journey to absorb the meaning of things along the way. This deeper meaning and the beauty of the commonplace I should like to pass on to those who will come after me. In writing this story I have hoped to preserve some of my own personality, that of my children and grandchildren, recording our aspirations, achievements, limitations, innocent vanities, amusements, and patient endeavors. And since it takes mistakes as well as triumphs to make up a life, I have tried to give some of both, hoping to present a fair picture and a worthy one.

—*Belle Scott Brown*

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

Our story telling hour on the ranch was the time between the day's fun and activities and bedtime when the children were too tired to do things for themselves and wanted to relax and listen to grandmother say poetry or tell stories.

Longfellow isn't the only one who felt that this was the children's hour. He said:

*"Between the dark and the day light,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."*

It is at twilight that we want to gather close those we love and feel their presence and hear their voices. So at this hour, with the little children near, loving me and depending upon me to add the last touches, sending them to bed and to pleasant dreams, I am happier than at any hour throughout the day.

And even when I am not with the children, this hour has the keenest delights or greatest sorrows for me. From my earliest

Grandmother Belle Remembers

remembrance this has been true. To me, when the twilight comes, a sorrow grows heavier and my heart nearly breaks, whether it is war, sickness, or just the pain of having lost a loved one.

Then again, it is the lonesome, homesick hour, and again, the time that a sweet tranquillity steals over me, and I am humbled and awed by God's wonderful mercies. Over me steals a deep inward feeling of gratitude. Then I feel I have a handclasp with God.

Still another mood I sometimes have at at the twilight hour is that of reviewing my life in cavalcade, like the movies do events. I have found you cannot successfully navigate the future unless you keep beside you the small clear image of the past. [~]

I can see in my convex mirrow many joys to remember, some sorrows to forget. I can see I have found happiness in the gift of seeing the good things of life in such high relief that the rest was unimportant.

I can see much to reconcile myself in my view of life—some things I would pass on down the years, some I would not. I can see that old people grow kinder in their judgment of others and can comprehend and pardon their faults.

Some of us, looking back from old age and seeing the mistakes and lost opportuni-

The Twilight Hour

ties, have the feeling, "I got away with it. I wonder how I did it." I should not like to live my life over; yet, if this were possible, I know I could do a better job—still, in going I shall not altogether die, for there are grandchildren to carry on.



Belle Scott

Out of the fullness of my own life may I leave something to help them as they pass along—something maybe that can make the world a better place because we passed this way.

Grandmother Belle Remembers

Still another twilight pastime of mine is reviewing poems I have memorized.

Richard Burton says, "God gave us memory that we might have roses in December." So in my December of life I can bring forth many sweet-smelling roses that I have plucked from life's garden.

I have memorized poems that were conducive to teaching a lesson or driving home a truth. These I would give my children; by memorizing much poetry, one always has something appropriate to bring forth when needed.

Speaking of sweet-smelling flowers bringing up memories, reminds me—I don't believe we realize what a part odors play in our lives. Fine ladies use perfumes to fit their love moods. Some delightful aromas breathe the happiness of the Old South with its romance, aristocracy, and wealth.

I remember hearing this story told of your great-grandmother Brown. In going out to get into her carriage, all dressed in a long, black, rustling taffeta-silk dress, and smelling like a southern magnolia blossom, she passed two little darkies on the sidewalk.

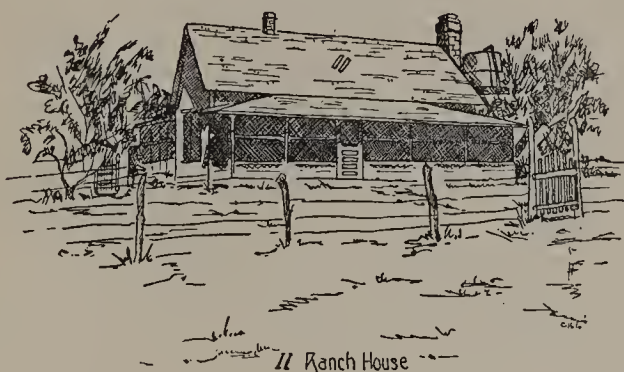
One said, "Er uh! Som'n sho do smel' sweet. And what 'am dat noise?"

The other ducky answered, "Hush, gal!

The Twilight Hour

Don' you know all rich white folks russels 'en smells lak dat?'"

Some odors make me think of winding lanes on the farm; some of moss-covered trees; some of the deep woods. Some odors recall weddings and some funerals; some the sick room—and, alas, some the operating room. I wish I knew the name of a certain red



velvet rose whose fragrance takes me back to recollections of a homesick little girl. I was just seven years old and would be brought in to Hearne each Monday morning from my plantation home during the school term, and someone would come in for me either Friday afternoon or Saturday morning.

I boarded with a lady who conducted the little private school.

After school, on Fridays, I would sit on the grass in her yard, under the shadow of

this rosebush, and watch down the street toward home for the buggy. But when the evening shadows began to lengthen, and then pass, and the twilight began to fall, I knew no one would come for me. Then the tears would flow and that lump came which I could not clear away nor swallow, and my homesick heart would almost break. To this day, no matter when or where I am, if I catch the scent of that certain red velvet rose those sad memories arise.

And so from childhood through every stage of my life there are certain odors that recall certain incidents. My! My! And so page after page I could list the fragrances of my varied and fascinating childhood home, but of all these the odor of that old red velvet rose comes oftenest to me.

*What tender things the heart must live by,
What lovely things the mind holds.
A word, a smile, a memory of the past,
The fragrance of a rose withered years ago
Are treasures the heart still holds,
Though years are gone and youth has flown.
O, loyal heart, that keeps the memory of
A rose as the years pass swiftly by,
That old red velvet rose.*

THE BROWNS

Each June, for a number of years, the Brown family members have been assembling on their ranch in Throckmorton County, Texas, for a house party.

The family consists of me, Belle Scott Brown, my oldest daughter, Alabell, and her husband, James R. Record.

Then comes Dorothy, my middle girl, and her husband, Edmund Taylor Morris—we call him “Billy”—and their two sons: Robert Brown Morris—we call him “Bob”—and he is eleven; his brother, E. T. Morris, Jr.—we call him “Eddie”—and he is nine.

My son comes next. His grandfather Brown’s name was Robert Alexander, so my husband and I gave him his grandfather Brown’s initials for a name: R. A. His wife is the former Valda Thomas; they have two children.

Their oldest is named Marianne and she is seven. She has a brother who is four. He is a junior but we call him “Rob” because his

grandfather Brown was known as Rob and we wanted another Rob Brown.

Then comes Betsy, my baby child, her husband, Charles Edward Clowe, and their two boys. C. E. Clowe, Jr.—we call him “Chuck”—is eleven. His brother, James Record Clowe, is nine. He was named for his Aunt Alabell’s husband and we call him “Jim.”

The Records live in Fort Worth, where I also live; the Morris family live in Austin, the capital of Texas. The R. A. Browns live in Throckmorton, the county seat of Throckmorton County—ten miles north of our ranch. The Clowes live in Ardmore, Oklahoma.

Now that you know who we are, for we have been properly introduced, I am going to tell you just why I have made a chronicle of the stories I told the children while on these visits to the ranch.

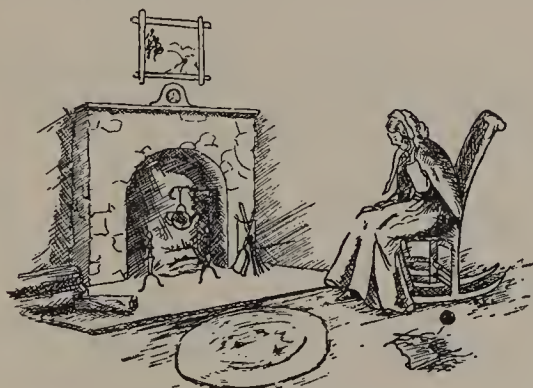
Much of the fun of parenthood lies in watching the children and then the grandchildren remake, with delightful wonder, our own experiences when we were children.

It seems I have had more time, and, I may truthfully add, more desire and pleasure in telling my grandchildren things that happened in my childhood than in telling my own children those same stories. Anyway, they

The Browns

clamor for them and want to hear them over and over.

One day Dorothy said, "Mother, why don't you have those stories made into a book?" So I decided I would, for I may not be here to relate them to all my grandchildren. Then, too, they may want to pass them on to their children.



Great-Grandmother Scott by the fireplace

I shall begin at the beginning of these three generations of the Browns and that's with me. In order that you may recognize me as I appear under different names throughout the story, I will tell you the names I bear and of how my father selected my name. Of course I do not know what prompted him in giving me the name; maybe he believed the name given a child at birth was a determining fac-

tor in the development of personality. It is said we never appreciate or see the worth and good qualities of somebody or something until we lose them. If that be true, then he cast no reflection upon my mother, for she must have been a gracious, kindly, lovable sort of person, who believed too in harmony, for she readily agreed to name me as he desired, after his two former wives who were dead.

So I was named for them—Virginia Isabella—called Belle. To my husband I was “Dutch”—just a nickname.

To my children I’m “Mother,” “Belle,” “Mumsey,” “Mama,” and “Belle Scotty,” as their mood may be.

Chuck, my first grandchild, in attempting to say grandmother said “Nannie,” so Nannie I am to the two Clowe boys. And a very precious name it is to me and always gives me a thrill. The two Morris boys got “Mema” when they tried to say grandmother. And that is a delightful name too—and I love it. But the two Brown children could always say grandmother. Maybe that was because the older, being a girl, was glibber of tongue. And too, being my only granddaughter, she wanted to dignify and glorify the name, and how sweetly she can say

“Grandmother.” Of course her brother called me what she did, just as the little brothers of the Clowe and Morris boys did.

MY CHILDHOOD

One evening as we were assembled on the porch for our bedtime story, Chuck, sitting close to me as usual, stroking and kissing my hand said, "Nannie, why don't you tell us about when you were a little girl, and did you have a grandmother?"

No, Chuck, I never had a real grandmother and I have only a faint memory of my father's stepmother.

I can recall seeing her only a few times, for I was very young when she died. I'm sure I should have visited her oftener and known her better had my father lived. I can recall seeing her sitting in the chimney corner with her sewing basket on a stand by her side and wearing a small gray plaid shawl about her shoulders. It seems to me that all old ladies, at that time, wore shawls and smoked pipes. I can remember seeing her pick up a coal of fire and put it in the bowl of her pipe to light the tobacco, just like my stepfather did. I also remember that the old colored man raised and

My Childhood

cured their tobacco. On the old Scott farm was the only place I ever saw tobacco growing.

She lived alone with her widowed sister on this farm, an old colored couple living in the yard to look after things. The old double log house still stands and is visible from the highway between Hearne and Houston.



Scott Home

Sure, children, you should know something about my childhood. I was born on a large Brazos River cotton plantation that was known as the H. R. Hearne plantation, six miles southwest of Hearne, in Robertson County, Texas.

My mother, Mary Louise Croxton, was born in Virginia, September 16, 1848. Her mother was a Logan, of the well known Logans of Virginia. She lost her parents when she was seven years old. Then she went to

Chula-Homa, Mississippi, to live with an aunt, Mrs. Larkin Echols, whose name had been Judith Logan.

The family came to Texas at the close of the War Between the States, in covered wagons, and located on a farm southeast of Hearne. There she met a man named Benjamin Franklin Scott—called B. Frank—who lived on a neighboring farm. After a brief courtship they were married. He was much older than she and had lost two wives and a child.

I took up my abode on this mundane sphere following the birth of my brother, William Albert Scott, a year and a half before.

Our father died when I was three months old, of what they called cramp colic in that early day, but from what I've heard of his sufferings, I feel sure he had a ruptured appendix.

My mother continued to live on the plantation and in a year married the man who had been my father's assistant in managing the plantation. His name was W. W. Terry.

I had four half-brothers and two half-sisters. My brother and I were so young when my mother married again that we were just like the same family of children, and what

fun we all had, playing with the little darkies under the careful supervision of our nurse!

Every phase of farm life was interesting, beginning with the clearing of the fields right after the crops were gathered and continuing the year round. The cotton and corn stalks would first be plowed up; then raked in huge piles and burned. The burning was always done at night, and how we loved to be on the porch and see the fires here and there over the plantation. Through the day rabbits would find shelter under these piles of stalks; then the fires would drive them out, and the fun the darkies and their dogs would have catching them. It was seldom a rabbit got away and that meant a feast next day of rabbit, 'taters, and cornbread for the darkies, and sometimes for us.

Each family of darkies had their sweet potato banks—you children do not know what that is so I shall tell you. The darkies, with families, always had garden plots and raised lots of sweet potatoes. In the late summer, when they were matured, they would dig them and spread them out to dry, then store them, year after year, in the same banks. A shallow depression was first made in the ground somewhere in the yard sheltered from the northern exposure and well drained. The potatoes were piled in this depression and cov-

ered with corn stalks and dirt; then boards and more dirt. There was a little hole left, big enough for an arm to go in, to get the potatoes out as they were needed for meals. But care must be used to cover the hole well, else old Jack Frost would bite the potatoes and turn them black and they would rot.

Some Negro families had pig pens, and sometimes a hog would get out and play havoc with a potato bank—hence the origin of the song I have so often heard our Negro mammy sing to us. The chorus ran like this:

*A hog is a nasty 'ole thing
With a great long snout,
And he pokes it in the 'tater bank
And yanks the 'taters out.*

After the fields were cleared, the plowing was done in readiness for the planting in the spring; then later the plowing and chopping, for the weeds and grass had to be kept down. When the crops were laid by, the darkies would go to the timber land and chop and haul the winter supply of wood for themselves. Cords and cords of wood were piled at the gin house for use during cotton ginning time.

The mill would always run on Saturdays, to grind the corn into meal and to make grits for the hands.

My Childhood

If the darkies had any leisure it was when the crops were laid by to mature. June the nineteenth, Emancipation Day, was always



Jessie

celebrated by the management having a big barbecue for the Negroes down on the river. The white folks would always go too, having their especial table for themselves and

their guests from neighboring plantations and towns. They would have a big time as well as the darkies.

Then came the cotton picking season, when the darkies were in the fields early and late. Each cropper would have his cotton house in which to store his cotton until it was hauled to the gin. As the pickers filled their drag sacks the cotton was dumped into the set sacks. At the close of the day these set sacks were weighed and the cotton dumped into the cotton house. Then the wagons would come along and carry the cotton to the gin house. There, one man would stand in the wagon and fill a big split basket and set it up on the platform for another man to take into the gin house and empty. This man would always empty the cotton into the bin of the man whose cotton it was, since each cropper's name was on his bin. Then the Negro would pitch the empty basket into the wagon and be handed another full one, and so on until the wagon was emptied.

When the different bins of cotton were ginned and baled, the initials of the farmer were stenciled on his bales. You see the darkies farmed on shares, getting half of what they made.

We loved to visit the gin house; we loved the whole process: the unloading, the ginning,

the carrying of the seed by the belts to the seed house.

Each Negro man would have his certain duties year after year during the ginning season, from the boss man to the boy who carried the bucket of water and the tin dipper to the men working in that terribly hot place. Six gin stands would oftentimes be going at once, and the dust, heat, noise, and vibration were terrible.

We loved to stand by and see the fireman feed the furnace, using wood, sawdust, and cotton seed for fuel. The engineer was the "wonder man" to us, for he knew all about those throbbing engines.

One day a fine young Negro man who was feeding cotton to one of the gins had his sleeve catch in the gin teeth and his left arm drawn into the gin and mangled and crushed. The machinery was stopped and the gin had to be taken to pieces to extricate his arm. He was taken to a bedroom off the office and a surgeon came from Calvert to amputate the arm. I remember that father sat up all night with him.

When he got well he became the lot, gear house, and yard man, and kept our fires going all winter. I can remember the tremendous back logs he would put in the fireplaces in the morning; they would last all day.

He is the Jessie Grimes you have heard me speak of before, and it was marvelous the things he was able to do with only one arm. Catch, bridle, saddle, or harness horses well. It seems there was nothing he could not do. He used his teeth to aid him.

After the cotton was ginned, pressed, and rolled out of the gin house and put on the yard, hundreds of bales, then the cotton buyers would come from Houston and Galveston and sample and grade and buy the cotton. Then the hauling to the railroad would begin.

Day after day, rain or shine, the wagons loaded with cotton would make the trip to the shipping point. There were certain men who did nothing but act as teamsters, driving six, eight, ten, twelve mules to the heavily loaded wagons, and on muddy roads. It was wonderful to see how skillful they were in handling their teams.

The left wheel mule would be ridden by the driver. The left lead mule was the one to which the single rein was fastened, and he seemed endowed with human intelligence; he understood so well the pull of the rein, the crack of the whip, or voice of the driver, as he called to them, "Gid up, whoa, gee, haw." Whoa meant to stop, gee to turn to the right, and haw to turn to the left. When the driver

wanted to stop, the wheel mules were the ones to set back on the traces; then the other mules, feeling the tug, would stop. But it was the lead mules that the driver depended on to get the teams and wagon around the corners and curves. They would know from the crack of the whip to circle out and turn.

At the close of the day the teamsters would start coming in to the gear house to unhitch the teams. The mules would wheel, stop, shake themselves when free from the harness, and run through the big lot gate. They would wallow in the dirt and go to the water trough first, then to the feed trough.

We children never tired of seeing the wagons and farm teams come in, twice a day—at noon to feed and rest for a couple of hours, and in the evening to rest for the night.

The field hands would leave the plows and cultivators on the turn row, jump on their mules and come in to the gear house. Each hand had his peg on which he hung his particular team's harness. They would come riding in with harness chains dangling, their faces bright and happy, laughing and jollyng each other.

The teamsters would have long black-snake whips that they would crack above the backs of the teams, seldom touching one. Fred Estus was the whip maker for the plantation.

He would cure and tan the cowhides, soften, strip, and plait them into whip lengths about ten feet long. Then they would be tied to a wooden stock.

There never seemed to be a lull in the labors on this big plantation.

Sometimes there would be need of having additional labor, and Father would send his reliable, big yellow Negro, Mack McKee, who was a sort of assistant overseer or straw boss, to South Carolina to bring back from twenty-five to thirty Negro families to locate on the plantation. It would take Mack several weeks to get them together, and he was instructed to tell them honestly just what to expect so that they would be happy and satisfied in their new homes. My father would be notified on what train they would arrive in Hearne and he would send the teamsters with wagons to meet them. He would have ready a big out-of-door meal of barbecued meats and other things for these tired families. Sometimes there would be a lone man or woman, but usually they came in families, a man and his wife and children. Many of them had been slaves and one or two had come over in slave boats to the southern states.

There were several Negro quarters in different sections of the plantation, so the new

darkies were placed in cabins according to how or where they were to work.

Sometimes Mack had special orders to fill for a carpenter, a blacksmith, a teamster, a brick mason, or a gin man. The dialect of these newcomers was like a foreign language, it was so different from our Texas Negro dialect. But they, being the newcomers and fewer in numbers, soon learned to speak Texas Negro dialect. To listen to them talk was a source of great amusement for us children.

Another time of great interest was watching the drilling of the artesian well that was the first in this part of the country. It was drilled by my stepfather on this plantation. All he knew about artesian wells was what he had read, but he believed he could bring in flowing water in this section, so started drilling near the gin house where the need of water was great and where he could use the engine power. He rigged up his own drilling outfit connecting it with the gin shaft. He brought in flowing water, and his success caused him to put down other wells on the plantation, but horse-power had to be used as they were too far from the gin house to use gin-power. The first well caused much

Grandmother Belle Remembers

excitement over the state and people came from distant places to see it, for this was more than sixty years ago.

HOG KILLING TIME

And then there was hog killing time, the time when we children were always in the way because there were so many of us and the fires and scalding water were so dangerous.

I can well remember one cold, cold December day when they let us get off to school without knowing they were going to kill hogs.

The bookkeeper's mother, Mrs. Cox, had come from Michigan to be with her son and they lived in a little house between ours, which the Negroes always called the "Big House," and the gin house. She had agreed to have school every day for us. She was the sweetest and gentlest old lady one could imagine and was ever trying to impart those traits to me and my brothers.

She made the loveliest little cakes, called buns, that she baked in iron muffin pans, and, Oh! the odor and taste linger with me after almost sixty years.

There were four of us old enough to go to school, three brothers and I, and on this special day Mrs. Cox had baked an extra supply of buns, for she had been asked not to let us come home, even for dinner. But the cakes lost their flavor when we heard the continuous crack of father's old sixteen repeating Winchester rifle, for we knew we had been betrayed. We had been too carefully reared to be rude to an older person; so we stayed quietly through the long afternoon and really enjoyed the interesting stories she told and the plentiful supply of those good buns.

Year after year the same Negro men and women, who had been carefully trained to do this work properly, were used to kill the hogs and prepare the meat. I can see it all as though it were yesterday—the fires under the big iron pots in which they heated the water. The hogs after being shot and stabbed to release the blood, were put on slides and dragged by a mule to the sunken hogshead and plunged into the scalding water.

After the scalding process, they were placed on improvised tables made of boards placed across wooden saw-horses and scraped clean of hair. They were then hung up on strong poles that reached from tree to tree—great white, clean hogs hanging there to cool. While they were cooling, the helpers were busy with

Hog Killing Time

the melts, livers, hearts, kidneys, sweetbreads, and entrails. All was saved, everything but the squeal.

The large intestines were used for chitterlings; while the smaller ones were cleaned, turned inside out, and scraped until they



Hog Killing Time

were almost transparent. Then they were put into tubs to save until the sausage meat was ready to be put in them with the stuffing machine, maybe the next day.

There was much work to do, and darkness came early those winter days. Such a sharpening of knives as there was in preparation for the cutting up of the hogs. The hams,

shoulders and side meat were hung in the smoke-house to cure. The fat was cut into cubes and boiled in the big iron pots to render out the lard which was stored in the commissary in five and ten-gallon cans.

The lean meat was run through the sausage mill and ground into sausage meat; then it was put into tubs to be seasoned with salt, pepper, and sage. Some was left for pan sausage but most of it was stuffed into casings. About every five inches the casing would be twisted to form the links. The end of the casing after it was filled was tied and the lengths hung from poles in the smoke-house over a slow fire that was never allowed to do more than smoke so that the sausage would cure. The fire was fed with chips from hickory wood preferably, as the kind of wood used had much to do with the flavor of the sausage, so the darkies who had charge of the making of the sausage claimed. All the winter long we would have delicious sausage.

It was nothing to kill as many as eighty hogs at one hog killing time and it would take days to get the work done. There were fires going under the kettles in the yard and the darkies would often have to stop and warm their hands, for they would get very cold from handling the cold meat and working up the sausage. The women would make

Hog Killing Time

cornbread in covered iron skillets over the coals, and cook kidneys, liver, and melts; and of course the sausage meat had to be tested to decide about the seasoning.

I can visualize those men and women standing or squatting before the fire, one hand full of cornpone, the other with a supply of broiled liver or some of the freshly killed pork, and maybe sweet potatoes which they often roasted in the ashes.

Hog killing days were happy days for the plantation darkies employed in that task, as well as for the plantation children from the "Big House." Their pay was always in meat, and when they were all finished, the cleaning up all done, and everything put away, my father would give each worker the kind of meat he or she preferred. They liked the feet, the heads, and side meat best of all. How jolly and gay they were—such haha's and clapping of hands and telling of tall stories.

Those old ways of farming are gone, never to return, that is why I have stressed that part of my life for you, dear children.

ALABELL

One evening the boys asked me to tell about their mamas when they were little, but I'm most afraid to put here what I told them, for fear I shall embarrass my children. It's a joke with them and my close friends that I rave and rave so over my children that they must not get me started on the subject. Maybe I work on the assumption that too much cannot be said on a good subject.

When I was a young girl we would sometimes read our fortunes from the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs—the verse corresponding with the day of the month on which you were born was supposed to reveal your character. My verse is the thirty-first, and reads: "Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Well, aren't they the result of my labors to rear and to make splendid citizens? I am proud of them and do appreciate them, so why not tell others as well as the children themselves?

I shall tell you first about your Aunt Sis. (The youngsters call Alabell Aunt Sis because their parents call her Sis.) She was born in the Brazos bottom below Hearne, on September 14, 1891, in the same house from which I went forth a bride ten months before.

The feeling a young mother has on beholding her firstborn is past description. When I gazed at the little head nestled on my arm and realized it was my baby—mine to care for, to protect and to rear just as I saw fit, guiding the little feet, directing the little mind—how happy I was!

There were only two of us Scott children, my brother Albert, whom we called Allie, and I; so I decided to call my baby Allie Belle Scott. Then realizing it was not musical or euphonious I abbreviated it to one name—Alabell.

Since I was only nineteen years older than your Aunt Sis, she and I grew up together. Having lost twin baby girls between her and Dorothy, I had more leisure to devote to her, more time in which to train her active mind. We have been so closely identified it has been hard to remember we are mother and daughter. I could fill pages with scraps culled from our everyday lives, and our dependence upon each other.

She was a lovely child, with golden curly hair, very serious and matter-of-fact, yet jolly too.

During the Spanish American War a gentleman came down from Missouri and made our home in Calvert his headquarters while he and Mr. Brown were getting together a cargo of beef steers to ship to Havana, Cuba. Alabell and I went down to Galveston one week-end with the two men while these steers were being put on shipboard.

It took days to complete the task—they may have a faster method now. A belt was fastened around the body of each steer and a chain was let down from a hoisting crane which hooked into this belt, lifting the cattle, one by one, and swinging them over to the ship, letting them down into the hold.

This gentleman, whose name was William Pearce, admired our little girl very much. She used to sit on a stool at my knee for me to curl her hair in tight little golden curls all over her head.

One day Mr. Pearce said, "She is an unusual type, isn't she?"

I answered, "No, her type in Texas is as common as pig tracks." From that time on he called her "Pig Tracks."

I had splendid help in rearing her, for her baby years were spent in Calvert where her

grandmother Brown lived, and Grandmother was very helpful to me. We lived in



Alabell Brown

Sherman and Waco a few years, returning to Calvert when Alabell was nearly five.

That was the year the twins were born. She was foolish about these babies. She met

the doctor in the hall the day after the babies came and said, "Dr. Gilson, I thank God and you for these lovely babies. I've been praying a long time for a baby, but I didn't ask for two."

And Dr. Gilson, with ever ready wit, gave my little girl these words to think about: "Alabell, that just goes to show that if we pray with enough faith God will double what we ask for."

That winter she started attending a little private school conducted by a dear old lady named Mrs. Binkley. It was there she contracted whooping-cough, giving it to the twin babies. A great catastrophe this turned out to be, because these dear babies died at the age of three months.

In 1903 we moved to Fort Worth where she attended the Fourth Ward school on Texas Street, called the Sam Houston. Later she went to high school on Jennings Avenue and Daggett Street. Then to Fairmount College at Monteagle, Tennessee.

After being at home for a few years, with travel and a rich social life to divert her, she married James R. Record, in 1917. He is now Managing Editor of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. Jim has been in the Brown family so long that, he says, he helped to rear Dorothy, R. A., and Betsy.

We have great times as a family, with the Records usually planning ranch trips, picnics, and week-end parties at the Baker Hotel in Mineral Wells. We have decided to meet there every three months to celebrate the birth-



Robert H. Brown
(at 25)

days of those coming in that quarter of the year. Jim reserves the President's suite and as many more rooms as are required to accommodate us all—and such jolly times as we do have. Original poems, jokes, and games, for old and young.

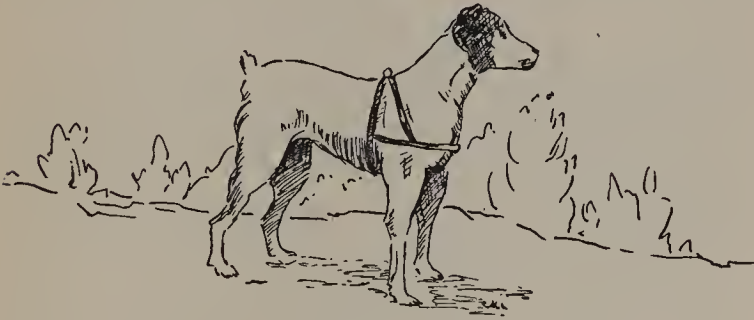
Their home is ever ready with a warm welcome for all; it has been headquarters for the Browns since I left my home, when my girls married and left me alone. Jim seems never to tire of his in-laws. His bright smile and cordiality are supreme when we gather round and he shakes loose from his editorial dignity with his engaging charm—it is then we realize how much he means to us and how much we love him.

Alabell has led a busy, happy life, keeping house, devoting much time to her husband, to Bible teaching, and to church work. Having the desire, the education, and the leisure for this work she has been able to do a great deal of good. She is recognized as a splendid Bible scholar and teacher. She was superintendent of the Junior Department of the Broadway Baptist Church Sunday School for nineteen years, giving that work up to go into teacher training work in the same church.

She has never, though, neglected her duties as wife and daughter. Her great devotion to Jim and me is wonderful. We are the barometer that controls her happiness. A friend told me one day that if all is well with us that life is rosy for her. I am proud of this care and devotion to me. Her telephone call

comes first in the morning and last at night to see that all is well with "Mumsey."

I told her one day that when she gets to Heaven she will ask, "Lord, are you real sure my mother has had everything she wants, since I haven't been here to look after her?"



Bud

Her wonderful mother instinct and training have helped develop character in hundreds of children. In her Bible work and talks to young mothers the illustrations from her own family experiences and the observations from life and nature have driven home the beautiful truths she has always sought to live.

She is Aunt to eight nephews and one niece of the Brown and Record families. She assists me in being a thoughtful grandmother, for she is ever alert in remembering anniversaries

and in doing and saying nice things; she is a marvelous Santa Claus.

The Records have no children. Perhaps this is why she has raised the profession of auntship to such a fine art, for she is an example to all aunts, a delight to our children, and a comfort to their parents—proof that one who has no children can be busy and useful.

They do have a fox terrier dog called Bud. He is nearly twelve years old and is beloved by all the Browns because he is a grandson of the puppy given to R. A. by his father when R. A. was twelve years old. Her name was Dixie.

There are two other dogs in the Record family. The Norths have a huge airdale called Mr. Chips. The Phil Records' dog is called Skipper. The families have gifts from one dog to the other on the tree at the North home where the family assembles each year for the exchange of greetings and gifts—then dinner.

Bud received the following letter of thanks this year from Skipper Record:

Dear Cousin Bud:—

Many, many thanks for the dog biscuits. They are the first I ever had and I find them swell. At first I was a bit skeptical of such different looking food, but my mistress put

a piece in her mouth, then offered it to me. What is fine for her should be fine for me.

I tried the sample, and Boy! did it taste good? We should know each other; what about a visit someday? I'm just plain dog—a lovely blend of bulldog and fox terrier.

Who knows, perhaps you and I had the same grandfather and are real cousins—not just cousins by adoption.

I love to pile upon the couch and spend hours with my boys after your master has brought them a bunch of funny papers. Do you like my lads? They are rather rough and tumble but pretty nice to belong to—at times; however, I prefer their parents. Thanks again, Bud, and a happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Skipper Record.

DOROTHY

We were very proud of our fourth baby girl, born July 16, 1900, at Calvert, Texas, in spite of the fact that we so much wanted a son. She was such a fine baby, weighing ten and a half pounds and very sturdy and strong. We selected the name Dorothy for her. The name comes from a Greek word meaning gift of God, and she is living up to the meaning of her name in a marvelous way.

She was a week old before I saw her in light strong enough to detect that what little fuzzy hair she had was golden red. We were quite elated over this discovery, as her father had wished for a red-haired son.

From a small child she was practical and dependable, always ready to help in every-way she could. She loved small children and always assumed the responsibility of them—the brother and sister who followed, as well as the next-door neighbor children, Lucile and Frances Beall.

When she was about five years old, R. A.

three, and Betsy a small baby, they were gathered around me one day and we were measuring our love for each other when I exclaimed, "What ever would I do if the death angel should come and want one of you? I could never decide which one I could best spare."

But the practical, self-sacrificing Dot answered, "Why Mother, it would have to be me because Sister is the oldest, Brother is the only boy, and Betsy is the baby; so it would have to be me." And she would, unhesitatingly, have stepped forward had such a demand been made.

One day I left Dorothy, R. A., and some neighbor children in the back yard to play. They were too young yet to be allowed to be alone on the front lawn where there was no fence. I pointed to the double gate on the driveway and told Dorothy not to let them ~~to~~ go out that gate. After a while I looked out my upstairs window and there they were on the front lawn. I scolded Dorothy and told her I had said for them not to go out of the back yard.

In her matter-of-fact way my little girl gave me this explanation: "Mama, you said not to go out that gate (pointing to the driveway gate) so we went around the house and went out the little gate."

Grandmother Belle Remembers

I have noticed that oftentimes when our children do not obey us it is because they do not understand just what we mean for them to do.

Dorothy was sixteen when the 36th Division of the American troops was in training at Camp Bowie, Fort Worth, for service across seas in the World War. She and Billy Morris met one night at a dance given for the soldier boys. From then on it seemed there was no one else for either of them.

Billy was at Camp Bowie nearly a year before he went to an officer's training camp in Ohio; so they saw much of each other during that time. He was still in Ohio when the 36th Division was sent overseas, and for this reason he never saw active service. At the close of the war he worked with an uncle in Virginia a year before returning to Texas, but they corresponded, and when he returned he made frequent visits from Austin to see her. They were married, August 16, 1923, going immediately to Austin to live.

In the summer of 1922 Mr. Brown was moving his ranch headquarters about eight miles across the pasture to a new location. There was much building going on—a house, barns, and other storage space; so he asked Dorothy to come out and be his chauffeur that summer. Their love and admiration

Dorothy

grew for each other from this close association, and he learned the true value of this fine young girl who helped him so much in



Dorothy Brown
at 18

planning and building and driving his car on many long trips.

R. A. said his dad thought Dot could do anything, even better than he could, except

ride horseback. He called her "Red Bird" and she was an outstanding somebody in his life. He never saw her son, who was named for him, for he died when Bobby was a month old; but he knew about him.

Now she is doing a fine job of training two sons, living up to the meaning of her name by being helpful to her family and friends.

As I look back over those years of intimate association with Dot in my home from a few months prior to Bob's birth until he was past five and Eddie past two, as her husband's business kept him traveling most of the time, I can realize what we meant to each other, how deep and strong was our love and dependence upon each other. How much I needed her after the others were gone to make homes of their own elsewhere. My great love for and devotion to her, the help I gave her with the two babies, and how she loved and depended upon me—never resenting any suggestion of mine about the children but rather seeking my advice and assistance in everything she did—all this was indeed comforting and flattering to me. And so we grew in our love and need for each other. And I can see I have treasures laid up for myself in the heart of this child who is, indeed, a gift from God.

Other treasures I have also in the memory

of a beloved half-sister, Cora Terry. She was born on my tenth birthday. When I married at eighteen and began housekeeping, she came to be with us during the school months.

When our parents passed on she came to make her home entirely with me. She was a wonderful help and comfort to me in many ways. Later she went to keep house for a brother whose wife died leaving a daughter.

We can recall many happy times with her. We seldom see her now but she figures conspicuously when we reminisce about childhood days.

R. A.

Just prior to our moving to Fort Worth we lived on a ranch in Jack County for fifteen months. It seems quite appropriate that our future cattleman son should have been born there, December 7, 1902.

R. A. was a typical product of ranch life from the beginning, for he weighed eleven and one-half pounds and was always strong and well. We were very proud of this son and endeavored to use common sense and not spoil him nor let his sisters spoil him, nor allow him to dominate over them. He was always very fair and honest, and we could depend upon what he said as being the whole truth and that he would always keep his word. He always respected and honored his father and did as little to displease him as any youngster could. We expected him to do right and gave him our faith and trust and he lived up to it.

He has been the kindest and most considerate person in the world to me, never fail-

ing in the little attentions so dear to a mother's heart. Also the love, pride, and admiration



R. A. Brown

he feels for his sisters is unusual. His dad told me once that I could not be on hand to hold up the wire for my son to go under the fence every time, to let a few barbs strike him and

he would learn to protect his own hide, but I have not always followed this advice.

His sisters and I love him very much and often tell him of our love. However, often I may write to him between times, a letter is penned to him on Sundays always; even though he may have left me on Saturday that letter goes to him on Sunday. I have done this since he was eight years old, when he began spending his summers on the ranch. It is my belief that such attention on my part makes a better man of my son. Just to have him know that no matter what comes or goes, his mother is going to send special love and messages to him on one certain day each week must help to brighten his days. All these years that faithful attention on my part has carried my love and encouragement to him wherever he may be; and I can but feel that each Sabbath day he says to himself, "My mother is writing to me today."

I want to relate a little incident that happened when he was a small boy. One day we had unexpected company for dinner. I felt our steak would not be enough; so I gave R. A. a half dollar and sent him to a nearby grocery and market to get more meat. He returned with a big thin round steak.

I spoke to him: "R. A., what made you get a round steak?"

He replied, very sorrowful like, "Mama, you didn't tell me to get a square one."

In 1918 he entered Texas Christian University at Fort Worth and was, for three



Lazy Z Herefords -

years, a resident student in Clark Hall. Then he attended Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College at College Station, Texas, and was there two years, specializing in animal husbandry. His father's ill health caused him to leave school to take charge of the Throckmorton ranch just before his graduation. He

is proud of his two Alma Maters, but I have noticed in many ways that he is partial to A. & M.

Then followed several busy and trying years for him because of his father's continued ill health. He spent much time in Fort Worth with his father and made four visits with him to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota.

R. A. married his boyhood sweetheart, Valda Thomas, November 14th, 1931. They have given me my only granddaughter, of whom I am very proud. Their four-year-old son is my youngest grandson.

R. A.'s life points to the well-known fact that human plants thrive in the sunshine of approbation. This son has so brightened my life with love and devotion that I call him my Son, Moon, and Stars.

He, his daughter, and I are the December children of the family whose Birthdays were celebrated recently with a week-end party at the Baker Hotel in Mineral Wells.

I gave this toast at the Birthday dinner:

To Belle, R. A., and Marianne Brown.

*A long time ago, on a blizzardly night,
Old Doctor Stork sought a place to light
He remembered Mrs. Scott, pretty Mary Louise,
And left her a girl baby, hoping to please.*

R. A.

*Years passed; this baby became Belle Brown.
On another blizzardly night near Chico town
Doctor Stork was again forced down
And left for her a boy baby—R. A. Brown.*

*Years later, on another blizzardly night,
Doctor Stork was again forced to light,
Where he left, at the Methodist Hospital door,
A finer baby than any he had left before.*

*Here among us, in dignified manner, she sits—
Just like a queen—any and everywhere she fits;
So hail to our girl, Marianne Brown,
The fairest and sweetest we've ever had around.*

*Let us drink to the has-been's and are's
Wishing every good thing to my Son, Moon and Stars.
Lift again and wish for the December children
Many years of health and happiness.*

BETSY

R. A. was twenty-seven months old when another little daughter came to bless our home. She was born at 1412 North Ballinger Street, March 5, 1905, two years after we moved to Fort Worth. She was outstanding, in a way, because the other children were such blonds, and she had dark curly hair and Irish-blue eyes like my mother.

We had used up the favorite family names in giving them to four other girl babies; so we called a family consultation and decided to let her brother have a part in naming his little sister by drawing a name from a hat where we each had deposited a favorite name. He drew the name Elizabeth and went about bragging that he named his baby sister "E-lib-er-thur." Of the number of derivations of the name I preferred Betsy, so Betsy and Bet she has been called.

She wanted to be called Elizabeth though and said that when she went to school she

would tell the teacher that was her name. When she got home from school that first day I asked her,

"Did you tell Mrs. Johnson your name was Elizabeth?"

In the saddest little voice she replied, "No, Mother, she did not ask me because she already knew me as Betsy."

I told Mrs. Johnson about the incident and she changed my daughter's name on the registration card and after that this teacher always called her Elizabeth, but she was one of the few who did.

When Betsy told me they were going to organize a literary society in the lower grades, I told her some parliamentary law rules so that she could take part. When she came home, the day they organized, I asked if she had participated in the proceedings and she proudly replied, "Yes, Mother, I seconded a commotion." The family can get a laugh to this day if we are asked if we took any active part in anything and we say, "Yes, I seconded a commotion."

Betsy was a great pet in the family, in the neighborhood, and with the young men who came to see her big sister Alabell. We tease Alabell, even now, about the time when Lottie Record, from Paris, Texas, was visiting her and they were a little late getting dressed

and sent Betsy down to entertain the young men. The girls heard them laughing so heartily that they became curious and the next day asked Betsy what they were laughing about. She said, "Because I told them it took Sister so long to get ready because she had to sew ruffles in the front of her dress."

She loved her school work, her teachers, and schoolmates. During her 'teen years our home was overrun with boys and girls dancing, playing, and having good times. Someone was honking out front to take her to school long before time, and a car full of young people would bring her home; so it seemed to Dot and me that the poor child never did anything but rush from one thing to another.

And in a way she annoyed us almost past endurance, being very slow—late getting a bath to dress for an engagement, not having time to put her clothes away, to eat slowly, or to do any of the little helpful things about the home. Methodical Dot "kinder" resented these untidy ways and would scold, but sweet-natured Bet would only laugh and wink at me.

One day Dot said, "I don't know what you will ever do with a house and children. If you ever have a house it will be a messy place."



Betsy at 17

Bet laughed and said, "You just wait and I'll show you what a fine housekeeper and mother I can be."

And sure enough she did show us. She is

a wonderful mother and a regular old maid about her housekeeping.

She graduated from Central High School in Fort Worth in 1922; then went to Monticello Seminary in Godfrey, Illinois, for one year. Neither of my four children are college graduates, nor was I. I did graduate by proxy for my life-long friend, Katy Hamman, with whom I roomed at Fairmount College. She was called home because of her father's death just two weeks before her graduation and asked that I stand in the class and accept her diploma for her.

Betsy's husband is more than seventeen years older than she. She was twelve years old when he was in training at Camp Bowie in the 111 Engineers. He did not become acquainted with her for several years after his return from France; then they met in Ardmore, Oklahoma, where she was visiting Mrs. Freeman Galt. They were married in five months. I laughingly tell Charlie that I am sure he used to drive past our house going to see his Fort Worth girl and see dark, curly-haired twelve-year-old Betsy on our lawn. He must have admired her.

Anyway, he adores her now and we revel in their love and devotion for each other. She visits me often and we have such pleasant times together. We laugh over those

early days when she would tell me of things she would do or say and warn me, "Now don't tell Dot because she would scold."

Chiefly I would like to be thought of as a mother, for my pride has been satisfied in my children—but for my plans and hopes for them there would be no story. If any of you have any criticism for these words of praise I have given my children, please try to remember there are forces of goodness in people that are visible only to the eyes of love, and there are forces of power that can only be estimated by the eyes of faith, and I have tried to offer a mother's faith with all the trimmings.

CHUCK CLOWE

Chuck was born, October 6, 1928. He is a handsome child with merry twinkling hazel eyes, and a happy smile, and dimples. He moves with a certain loose jointed grace on his toes as though he were trying to be inconspicuous. He really is very reserved and inclined to underrate himself. He draws attention from himself by asking questions and there seems no end to the things Chuck Clowe wants to know about people, animals, fish, birds, and insects. I guess he reasons that the way to find out is to ask questions but now since he reads a great deal, he is well informed along many lines. He is only eleven but something of a philosopher already

His uncle keeps a half dozen greyhounds on the ranch to hunt wolves. When Chuck was seven he was watching his Unkie feed them one day. Chuck was surprised to learn they were fed largely on cornbread that was baked in large skilletts. Unkie broke the bread in small pieces and threw it to the dogs; they

gulped it eagerly with soft yelps and whimperings.

"I give them just so much at a time," he explained. "They are hungry, aren't they, Chuck?"



"Chuck" Clowe

Chuck observed them thoughtfully for a while before answering and then he said, "I think they are more greedy than hungry, Unkie. They are in a hurry to gobble up

their own pieces so that they can snatch some other dog's share."

"You are just about right," said Unkie.

Chuck is usually right when he gives an opinion after careful thought, but he is anything but a solemn or over-serious boy. I say it is the Scotch in him, which may have something to do with it, although I have another reason to give.

His father is very fond of his two boys, usually patient and deeply interested in every thing that concerns them. He spends as much time with them as he can, and it is something to remember, seeing them together. They might be the same age as their father, from their ease of manner and devotion toward each other. However, they are not like little old men, nor is the father immature. It is all the result of the father's interest and patience with them. He answers all their questions as fully and as clearly as he can. Parents should remember there is much lively curiosity and a thirst for knowledge which may be quenched by adult impatience; that a quality all children appreciate is justice.

Parents should look into the real reasons for a youngster's behavior, listen to their side of a story without prejudice and with an open mind. Parents should grow, study, and learn with the child, be alert and awake, and

so busy giving out love that they don't stop
to see how much they are receiving.



"Chuck" Clowe

BOB MORRIS

Early on the morning of April 6, 1929, at my home on Hemphill Street in Fort Worth, where Dorothy was visiting me, she went to the 'phone and called her husband in Big Springs, and said: "Billy, we have news that Doc Stork is headed this way with that baby we have been looking for. Mama and I are going right over to St. Joseph's Hospital where there is a good landing place, to meet him."

Through the receiver I could hear Billy's excited voice answering her: "All right, Honey, I can catch a train in an hour and may beat him there."

But he didn't, for that baby boy had been snoozing away some hours in the nursery when Billy got there. They straightway named him Robert Brown for his grandfather who was very sick in a neighboring town, where a month later he passed on; so Bob never saw his grandfather.

When I got home from the hospital I tele-

phoned his uncle on the ranch telling him of the arrival of Robert Brown Morris.

"All right, I'll be right in to look him over," he said, and he came that afternoon, going immediately to the hospital.

Dorothy rang for the nurse to bring the baby in. It was well the nurse went on out, for she would not have allowed R. A. to do what he did. He turned the baby over and rubbed his back, straightened out his legs, and counted his toes; then with a happy twinkle in his eyes he looked at his sister and said, "Dot, he looks as fine as those little Hereford calves on the ranch; so I guess we had better keep him."

Bob had a peculiar mode of locomotion which he began before he was two months old. We left him on the bed one day when he was about six weeks old. On our return to the room we found he had moved from the foot of the bed to the head. We put him back and watched him and found that he would rear up or bridge his body, resting on his head and feet, and push back his length, hump up, and push again. Later, he would bridge his body and jump back as much as eight and ten inches in one jump, like a frog. He would extend his arms and seem to propel himself along with them. He kept this up until he sat alone.

He was always large and husky, the rootin' tootin' shootin' kind—trying to kick the slats off his bed, and run wild long before he was a year old. He walked at eight months and climbed out of his bed and pen before he was a year old. When he was two, three, and four years of age, his favorite game was playing cowboy in the back yard.

I kept him supplied with cowboy play suits and a lasso, and a belt with scabbard and gun. He had his imaginary pens of cattle and his imaginary boy friend whom he called Jack.

He and Jack would cut, brand, and feed these imaginary cattle. Then he would come in, like a Kansas twister, telling the most breathless yarns of high adventure, mostly about ruthless gangs of Indians and cowboys they had encountered South of the Border Down Mexico Way, stalking the thieves between the peach trees. I must say for Bob, "he made a stand." We would get a kick out of his expressions. He had an excellent memory and would use terms we used and get whole sentences from books we had read to him, using the biggest words along with his baby talk. In talking, he ran the whole gamut of expressions and gestures, from surprise to shock, and then to an awed, reverent look.



Bobby Morris

He almost lived in the back yard where his pens of cattle were. He would say to the maid: "Now mind when you go out there; don't step on my cattle; they are in a pen under that tree."

His imagination was so keen and he told such wild stories we were sure that when he became educated he would be a writer. I would sit on the porch and read much to him after his family moved to Austin and I was visiting them. He would ask his friends over to hear me read his books, and even call in strange boys just passing by to share our circle of reading or reciting poetry. "Do come in and listen," he would say. "It's very interesting."

Then there was that age of having boys come in and play Indians or cowboys or soldiers, and they would plant a cannon among the chrysanthemums or lie low in the hedge. One day I heard Bob say: "Wait boys, I'll fox 'em." The next thing I knew the maid was bringing him in with a broken arm for he had rolled off the garage roof, all the way from the ridge.

Then came school days and picture shows on Saturdays. He loved the western type and Tarzan. He had an idea once that he could do as Tarzan did and jump from tree to tree catching on limbs; so he tried jumping from

the garage intending to catch on a branch under the eaves. Missing the limb, he landed on the ground fifteen feet below. This episode resulted in a broken collarbone.

Now he loves historical pictures and is quite a good student of history and talks very intelligently. His dream now is to be a medical missionary. He is very religious, with high ideals and principles, believes always in doing right.

He has his grandfather Brown's high sense of honor and good faith. When his Unkie came home from the hospital where his father had just passed away, Dorothy was sitting before the fire with just one-month-old Bob on her lap. R. A. knelt down, and gathering them in his arms with much emotion he said, "Bob, you are going to have to be a mighty fine man if you live up to this name you bear."

Dixie, the little old fox terrier dog R. A.'s father had given him twelve years before, jumped up on him, as he knelt there, and barked as much as to say, "I agree with you, my master, and I believe we will be prouder and prouder of this youngster as the years go by."

Bob is a very loyal Texan. He loves history and just drinks in our thrilling and romantic Texas events. The Clowe boys hav-

ing been born in Oklahoma try very hard to be loyal to their native state and to stand up for it tooth and nail; yet it stands out a foot that they wish they were Texans like their mother and other members of the family. Their father is a Californian. Bob just glories in telling Chuck about the outstanding things of Texas.

One evening down at the lot at milking and feeding time the cowboys, overhearing some wisecrack Bob made about Texas that Chuck resented, just egged them on. "Yes," yelled Bob, "Texas is better and bigger than Oklahoma. We are the biggest state and have the biggest capitol building of any state; we have lived under six flags and have had the greatest heroes and everybody knows we have the best—well, just the best of everything."

Chuck had no comeback but just his fists, so he beat Bob up good and proper. They wallowed in the dirt. Bob was the larger boy but he knew nothing of how to fight except with his tongue, while Chuck had been taught boxing by a professional. The cowboys had a real show, and I had to doctor Bob's black eye.

Every time Bob sees or hears anything big about Texas he is sure to see that Chuck hears about it; so he must still be remembering that black eye.

JIM CLOWE

Jim was born, January 1, 1931, at Ardmore, Oklahoma. He is a stocky, strapping, pleasant but high-tempered little guy, adequate to anything because he knows just what he wants to do and works hard at it.

He works just as hard at games as at tasks, and plays them admirably. He has a confident step that just misses being a swagger. A little cockelorum, always ready to fight, and one who caught on early about what makes the world spin. He has a brash kind of nerve but is belligerently sincere; holds his own with anyone, be it fists or words that are needed. Keenness and enthusiasm run throughout his character and he likes to succeed, but he often loses his temper in doing so. He loves to be well thought of and strives to justify the good things people think of him.

I sent Jim and Eddie to a camp thirty-five miles from Austin, in the mountains, last summer. Eddie was homesick and miserable for almost two weeks. His mother thought

she would have to take him home, but when the time came to leave he wanted to stay longer. Jim loved the sports; was happy, and entered into everything to win, taking most of the honors. He was voted the most popular boy on the grounds and won the award of a two-weeks' stay next year free of charge, but he and I are looking forward to two



Jim Clowe

months together next summer at Monteagle, Tennessee.

It is interesting to watch the individual reactions of the children to the same conditions. This story about Jim seems more of a character study than anything else. Anyway, I predict that he will be well able to fight life's battles and enjoy life's pleasures.

EDDIE MORRIS

Eddie was born, August 17, 1931. I call him Ed, our personality child, because he has a sweetness of nature and a desire to be gracious, thoughtful, and kind to people. This makes everybody love him. He is the one who always offers to stay behind and wait for or keep a younger child, oftentimes sacrificing his own pleasure for others. As much as he loved to go with the cowboys and other children over the ranch, he would many times stay at the ranch house with the younger cousins.

One day when Dupe took the boys with him to ride the pasture, Ed, then about six years old, lagged behind and let the others get so far ahead that he became lost. There are so many mesquite trees in the pastures that one cannot see very far ahead. We had told the boys that if they should ever get lost to just give the horse the reins and he would take them home. Even though Ed knew this, he

was frightened just the same and could not help crying over his plight.

Dupe soon missed him and told the other boys to stay where they were and he would go back and find Ed, which he soon did. He could see Ed had been crying and in a somewhat teasing tone remarked, "Why, Ed, what's the matter with your eyes?"

"Oh, I just washed out my eyes so I could see better," answered Ed nonchalantly. When asked how he happened to get lost from the others he parried, "I guess I zigged when I ought to have zagged."

Ed had another trying experience that same summer. The cowboys found a young calf that needed special care. They penned the calf and cow in the cakehouse pasture corral until they could go back to the ranch house and get the ranch car in order to bring them in. Dupe let the boys go back with him for the calf. Before they could take it to the car, the cow had to be roped, she was so wild. The larger boys climbed on the shed of the cakehouse but Ed ran to the car and got on the back seat. After the cow was roped, the calf was placed in the back of the car with Ed. When the cow was turned loose she charged the automobile where the calf was, reared up on the car, and put her head through the window. Ed said he was so scared that he

nearly died, that he flattened himself out on the seat and made himself as little as he could, and tried to hide in the crack between the cushion and the back of the car. And afterward he confessed, "I kept saying to myself, 'I wish I hadn't a came, I wish I hadn't a came.' "

He had his ninth birthday out there in August. He received some one-dollar bills which he converted into one five-dollar bill of which he was very proud, since this was the biggest folding money he had ever possessed. He liked to take it about and show it. He was going to put it in his savings account when he got home. When Marianne and I got back from Monteagle in September, R. A. told me this amusing story about Ed and that folding money. He had taken the four boys out in the car with him one day when he brought in a sick baby calf—two of the boys were in the back of the car where the calf was and two in the front with Unkie. The boys got into an argument as to whether the calf was a bull or a heifer, Ed contending it was a heifer. He was so sure he was right that he bet each boy thirty-five cents that it was a heifer. "Well," said Ed, "Unkie will tell us when we get out." R. A. already knew but he kept quiet.

When they got out, R. A. asked, "Ed, what makes you so sure this is a heifer calf?"

Ed replied, "Because I saw her teats."

R. A. laughed, "Boy, you have lost your money, for it is a bull calf."

"But Unkie," exclaimed Ed, "The bet is no good, for we didn't shake hands on it."

"Yes, son, it is. You must get your money changed and pay up."

Ed gamely paid up, for he was not able to convince them that the bet was not binding simply because they did not shake hands on it. The spirit in which he paid was what pleased me. Not crying nor whinnying nor getting mad at having to break his folding money.

Ed loves the girls and has always had a sweetheart. He is very matter-of-fact about it; never resents being teased. When he was just a little fellow Bob and the neighborhood boys would be playing ball in the back yard and Ed would be on the front porch playing dolls with a little next-door neighbor girl. His porch was larger and had a swing and chairs; so they would move her doll things to his porch. They had a little kitten they would wrap up and rock and put to sleep with the doll on beds they made down in the swing. Maybe they would play the entire morning that way, first the doll, then the kitten was

Eddie Morris



Eddie Morris

rocked to sleep or taken out in the doll buggy. In the afternoon he would play ball or go swimming or riding with the boys.

He is very tall, a real blond with the bluest eyes, and bids fair to be a handsome man. He loves to dance and is studying the piano—to my joy. I tell him I wish he would grow up and be a jazz band leader because I love music, although I could never sing worth a hoot. I oftentimes feel that I am a little off key on a lot of things, one way or another, but I like jazzy music, sometimes, and I would rather see him a jazz musician than no musician at all.

Whatever he does, I want him to remember that personality is the lantern that helps us to see the stepping stones to higher things. I have always heard that personality has the power to open many doors but character must keep them open.

MY GRANDDAUGHTER

Marianne was born December 14, 1932, in a Fort Worth hospital. She is seven. Her hair is golden brown and curly. Her eyes are hazel and sometimes look almost black. Her mouth is friendly and smiling. She is lovely.

This little ranch girl is "com'n' round the mountain" with a wagonload of glamour, as I found out this summer when I had her with me at the Monteagle Assembly Grounds for two months. It was really Jim Clowe's time to go with me as I had promised to take each of the grandchildren up there with me for a summer, beginning with the oldest.

Chuck had his turn in 1935, Bob in 1936, but during the summer of 1937 we spent two whole months on the ranch, and even though I had capable help that fall I was nervous and had to keep quiet and diet in order to keep my blood pressure down; so I did not go to Monteagle for two years.

In the spring of 1940 I decided that Marianne would give me less trouble than one

of the boys and so I asked her to go. I had told the family how, on several occasions up there, Chuck and Bob had embarrassed me at the table; so Marianne thought the main qualification for her was good table manners if she were to keep me well and happy. She was coached along these lines.

The next time the children met at my home after I decided to take Marianne and not the boy whose turn it was, Eddie spoke up, "Mema, why are you taking Marianne when it isn't her turn?"

I tried to answer him, "Well, Eddie, I thought she would give me less trouble than one of you boys, and she will have to be a mighty good girl or else I can never take another child with me."

With a precious nod of her head and a wave of her hand Marianne turned to Eddie and said, "Eddie, it will be your advantage to take me off and teach me some table manners or else you may never get to Monteagle."

And so Marianne and I went, right after the house party on the ranch. She gave me much pleasure, with her beauty, grace and quiet, quaint little mannerisms. For instance, she would stand and curtsy, glancing around the table, and then ask to be excused. She was greatly admired and beloved.

She loved it at Monteagle and was never

My Granddaughter

homesick. She had never seen so many lovely children, and never ceased to enjoy the tints and fragrance of the wonderful mountain flowers, especially the hydrangeas and dahlias. She also liked the beautiful trees, and the



Marianne Brown

clouds that sometimes floated around us, and the slow, quiet rains.

She went blackberry hunting one day with the kindergarten teacher and some children. They went to Sunset Rock from where they

beheld one of the loveliest views from the mountain top. This is about a mile from Monteagle through beautiful woods. Later I asked her to go with me alone, for I loved to have intimate little visits with her, to hear her childish prattle, when it seemed we had bits of wisdom to give to each other.

After we passed through the gates of the Assembly Grounds and took the road to Sunset Rock, we found a narrow, sandy, yellow road between tall trees with wild flowers along the edges and blackberry vines laden with fruit that she loved to pick.

I remarked. "Oh, Marianne, look! The road is so much like the road that leads to the Wizard of Oz."

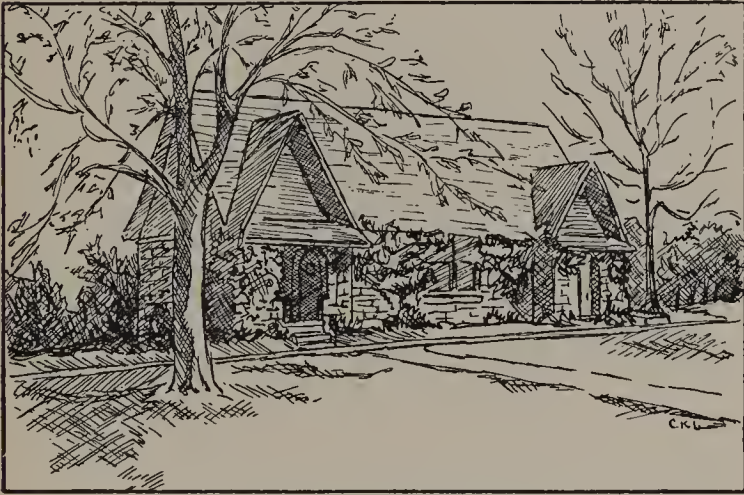
She had seen the picture too; so her eyes brightened and she raised her arms and went skipping down the yellow road like Dorothy did in the movie, singing, "I'm going to find the Wizard of Oz; come on, Grandmother, and go too."

And we skipped down the road singing, "We are going to find the Wizard of Oz, We are going to find the Wizard of Oz." That picture, as I gaze through my convex mirror, will conjure up one of life's most pleasant memories.

I spent three years of my life at Monteagle, Tennessee, on the Cumberland Plateau,

My Granddaughter

at an Episcopal college six miles north of Sewanee where the University of the South is located and where Mr. Brown went to school a few years before I went to Fairmount. I married two months after I left there, when I was eighteen, and sixteen years later I sent



Ivy Chapel, Monteagle, Tenn.

a fifteen-year-old daughter to the same school and she spent three years there also.

The school is there no longer. Twelve years ago the beautiful old rambling buildings burned, destroying many of the wonderful trees, too. On the spot now stands a lovely big stone and brick building, a school to edu-

cate Episcopal ministers. The beautiful little stone "Ivy Chapel," where we attended prayers twice a day and that has so many sacred, hallowed memories, still stands. There is a memorial window in one end dedicated to Fairmount girls, the fund for the erection of which was begun by my daughter Alabell. The three grandchildren who had been there and I would visit the chapel and grounds. We would always go in and kneel and pray that the wonderful influence for good that had been set in motion at this sacred place would continue to go forth as the generations passed. Alabell and I always feel a little nearer heaven there than anywhere else on earth.

My son and his wife came while their daughter and I were there and they spent nearly a week with us. We enjoyed going over the lovely places again with them and kneeling in the old pew where I always sat in "Ivy Chapel" to send up petitions for a continuance of good influence to go out from this branch of the family.

R. A. had made two visits there before, when he was three and five years old. He went one Saturday with Miss May Du Bose to dust the chapel when he was three. He saw a spider's web under one of the pews, and we thought it very funny when he exclaimed:

"Oh! Miss May, here is a spider's web in God's house."

I took the same sightseeing trips with them, as I had on previous occasions, to Lookout Mountain at Chattanooga, sixty miles away, Signal Mountain, Missionary Ridge, and other places of historical interest near Chattanooga.

Then with a well-informed old Negro man, we picked up at Lookout Mountain as a guide, we crossed back and forth from Tennessee into Georgia, seeing the historical places: Fort Oglethorpe and Chicamauga Park and many other points of interest. All this formed the golden thread which made the fabric of our summer's pleasure very precious. But naturally the greatest thrill was getting back with our own again.

ROB BROWN

Rob was born in Fort Worth, Texas, April 4, 1936. There seems so little to say about this son of my son, for I have had less association with him than with the other grandchildren.

A friend of R. A.'s and Valda's one day teased them because she had never seen Rob. She said: "I believe there is something wrong with that child and that is why you keep him hid out." But such is not the case as he is unusually bright and a fine physical specimen. He has a very good maid to care for him and so his parents seldom take him places, knowing home is the best place for such a small youngster.

I enjoy an occasional visit from him and when I'm out there we have great times. He loves to have me read their nature storybook and to walk with him to catch grasshoppers, frogs, and such things. We became well acquainted the summer of 1939 when we were together in Colorado Springs for a month.

I had to have a toy gun and play hunting with him.

Soon after that he went with the maid and his mother and sister to Ardmore to visit his Aunt Betsy's family. He loved the larger town, the beautiful trees, and the flowers. One day he remarked wisely: "Aunt Bet, I'd like to live here because it's so pretty and the birds sing and the cars go by and because there's niggers (there are no colored people in Throckmorton), and the crows don't talk." It must have been crow season in Throckmorton, for they had caw'd and caw'd all day.

It is a well-known fact in Texas that the cattlemen do not like sheep or goats, and that is particularly true of the Brown cattle folk.

My son was riding one day in a parade at a Throckmorton County Fair being held in the town of Throckmorton. He had Rob in the saddle in front of him. Along the line of march were a group of boys who called out as Rob passed, "Hello there, sheepherder!" Rob bristled with indignation as he yelled out: "Stop, Dada, and let me off, I want to go back there and beat 'em up." And so the friendly feud goes on.

I am very proud of this small boy who is the only one to perpetuate the Brown name

Grandmother Belle Remembers

and traditions. Long may he live, and may there be other Rob Browns.



Rob Brown

OLD BUCK

One night when the children had gathered around me, as usual, for their bedtime story Rob said, "Mema, tell us tonight that story about Old Buck and the burnt stump of a tree."

"All right," I said, "but it seems to me you would be tired of that story."

"No, no," they chorused, "we never tire of that story."

And so I began:

One morning when I and my two brothers, Allie and Jim, were small, Allie whispered, "Belle, you go ask Papa to let us have old Buck to ride to the horse pasture to gather pecans; he will be sure to let us if you ask him."

Out I went to the office to ask Papa. He said to tell Jessie, he was the lot man, to saddle Buck for us; but that Allie must be sure to tie him securely to the fence else he would break loose and come home and we would have a long walk back.

Jessie saddled Buck for us and we jogged along the turnrows to the pasture about two miles away, Allie in front, I in the middle, and Jim behind, all of us talking a blue streak about the trained bear of an Italian who was touring the country.

He was traveling through the Brazos bottom visiting the various plantations, exhibiting this bear. The Italian had an accordion and when an audience assembled he would play it and the bear, well muzzled, would dance on his hind legs and pass his cap to collect the nickels. Several days before, we had heard that farther away, on down the road, the bear had escaped. We had not heard whether the Italian had recovered him or not.

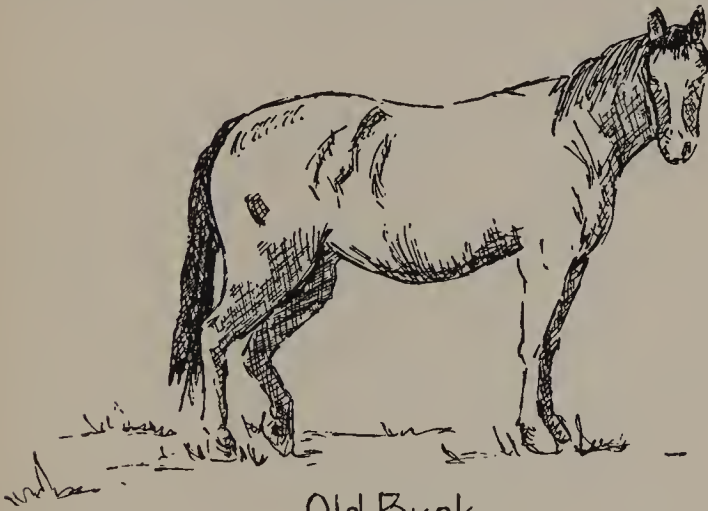
We arrived at the pasture, got off, and Allie tied Buck good and fast to the rail-fence. Then we climbed over and began picking up nuts, as busy as squirrels. Suddenly we heard Buck snort and pull back on the reins. He quieted down when Allie spoke to him; but directly he was snorting and pulling back again.

Pretty soon Allie, who was becoming more and more excited, spoke up, "Children, I'm scared. I believe he smells a wild animal. I've always heard that horses act like that

Old Buck

when they smell a wild animal. You know, maybe that bear is in these woods."

About that time Buck gave a big snort, raised his head and his tail, set back on the reins, and broke them. He wheeled and tore out down the turnrow snorting as he went.



Old Buck

Allie yelled, "Yes, I'm sure now he smells that bear!" And about that time the horse, as well as all of us, saw through the bushes a black object with its arms extended. "Yes, and there he is!"

Well, sir, we fairly fell over that fence and took out down the turnrow to the nearest Negro cabin, which belonged to Jessie

Grimes. His wife, Ed, was at home when we got there, out of breath and scared to death. We didn't tarry long, for we could vision that bear climbing the fence and tearing across the cotton furrows toward us.

Ed quickly took charge of us, Jim and Allie clinging to one of her hands and I to the other, and we finally got to the "Big House."

She told Pa, "Mister T'ry, dese chillen dun seed dat bar in de hoss paster. Dat dancin' bar whut got wa' frum dat Talyun man! Da run tur ma hous en ah dun brung dem hom."

"Well," said Pa, "when Buck came back I knew something was wrong! Tell Jessie to put another bridle on him and come by the office and get my Winchester rifle and go and kill that bear!"

Jessie took Allie behind him so that the boy could show him just where he had seen the bear. Allie said that would be easy because the reins were tied to the fence. In a little while they pulled up right where the reins were, and Jessie said, "Just whur now wus dat bar?"

In fear and trembling Allie pointed a shaking finger and said, "Right there, through those thick bushes."

Jessie cautiously peered and peeped this way and that, then gave a loud haha. "Taint

nuthin but de burnt stump uv a tree. Hits de burnt lims whut looked lak de bar's arms."

Poor Allie. He never did outlive mistaking a stump for a bear. Just a year before he died I was visiting him and the same old Jessie came to see us one Sunday. We laughed heartily about that day Allie saw the bear.

OLD BOB

Children, the story I have chosen for to-night is about a shaggy white and yellow dog that gave us children as much joy as any dog ever gave a family of youngsters.

"Mema," said Ed, "I love to hear 'bout ole Bob."

Yes, his name was Bob, and he must have had a lot of wire-haired terrier in him because he had to look at us through a face covered with whiskers. He was raised by a colored woman down at the Negro quarters, named Nancy. He would come with her to the commissary on Saturdays, for her weekly rations. The darkies were waited on in the order in which they came. "First come, first served." So Nancy sometimes had to wait a long time. It was then we children would play with Bob.

After a long time of just seeing him on Saturdays, he got to liking us very well—you know most dogs love to play with children—and so he began coming to see us be-

tween Saturdays. Finally he just took up with us altogether.

But Nancy took him home one day. We expected him right back, but for four days he did not come. We saw the dray that the lot man used to haul the feed for the mules down by the gear house, and the boys sent me to ask Jessie to let us drive down to Nancy's to see about ole Bob.

The brothers always made the cat's paw of me; I was to get the chestnuts off the fire, because they hated to deny the only little girl among so many boys anything.

We always had such fun when Jessie let us use the dray. Mama wasn't afraid for us to use it, since a dray has only two wheels and it can't turn over easily, even if the old mule, 'Liza, went round and round.

As we drove up to Nancy's house, there we saw Bob tied to a big log of wood near the wood pile, barking his joy at seeing us and straining to get to us.

Nancy came out and we begged her to let Bob loose, but she said, "No!" He was her dog, that she had raised him from a puppy and she loved him and wanted him and was going to keep him tied up a week. But at the end of that time if he went back to us, we could have him, because she did not want a dog that did not love her and that she had to

tie up in order to keep. So we waved and hollered good-bye to Bob and went home.

In a few days we were playing on the porch when Jim looked across the cotton fields—the cotton was about a foot high—and he could see a white speck bobbing up and down and moving along the turn row, coming toward the “Big House.” He clapped his hands and jumped up and down and cried, “Here comes Old Bob! Here comes Old Bob! Now he can be our own dog!”

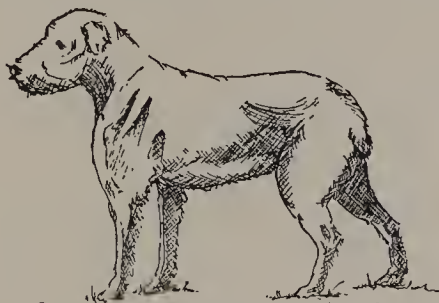
Bob jumped up on each one of us, licking our faces and all but speaking his joy. We got a pan of water and some food for him; then he settled down for a nap.

Several years after this we moved from the plantation to Calvert, a distance of about seventeen miles. There were seven of us children. My brother, the oldest one of us, was about fourteen years old, and the baby boy, George Terry, was less than a year. The wagons were loaded with our household effects. The Negro maid, the baby, and my sister who was just older than the baby, and I were in the buggy with Mama. She was driving a pair of horses; one was Old Buck, and the other was named Dick. There was a little seat in the buggy right at Mama’s feet where my sister and I sat. It would take plenty long to jog those seventeen miles over such rough

roads as we had in those days. But then we didn't want to beat the wagons there.

When we got all loaded, Papa spoke saying, "Children, you will have to leave old Bob. He can't walk and there is no place for him to ride."

We looked at each other in amazement. Leave Bob! no, we couldn't do that. Then I spied the big old wooden arm chair with its cushion just right for Bob to sit on. The chair



Old Bob

had been tied to the end-gate of the wagon with the rockers under the wagon, so I said, "Pa, do put him in the big rocker." He laughed and lifted Bob up and there he rode in fine style.

Papa soon bought a place in the edge of town and very near the schoolhouse. There were seven acres in our garden; so it was a holding out place for the children of all ages, and many good times we had. There I lived until I went to Fairmount College.

Of course by the time we went to the new home Bob was an old dog. For some reason or other an old dog is just not wanted in the dog world, and I believe that holds true in the entire animal world for any old animal. Anyway Bob was not wanted and was killed one night by a pack of dogs that my mother had heard fighting over in a neighbor's garden. Next morning when she looked across the yard she saw Bob sprawled out across a corn furrow, dead. She would not tell us until after breakfast, for she knew there would be no appetites if she did.

Mother solved the problem of burying him by giving us a five-gallon oil can in which to place his body. We wrapped him in an old sheet and stuffed him into the can and dug a grave by our back fence under a persimmon tree and interred him, good and deep. We had services too, and covered the newly made grave with flowers; then we sang a song and went to school.

Never, never would we forget our old dog friend Bob, and we never loved another dog as much. I can see him now across the years, just as clearly as I did then, more than sixty years ago. I often see other dogs that remind me of him, but none has ever been able to take his place in my heart.

R. A.'s SQUABS

It is story-telling time again and Eddie is saying, "Mema, tell us about Unkie and the squabs."

"Eddie," I replied, "I dislike to make Bob feel so badly. Don't you remember the last time I told that story to you and Bob? When I finished, he threw himself on the floor and cried like his heart would break and said: 'Mema, I just can't stand for you to treat Unkie like that!'" "

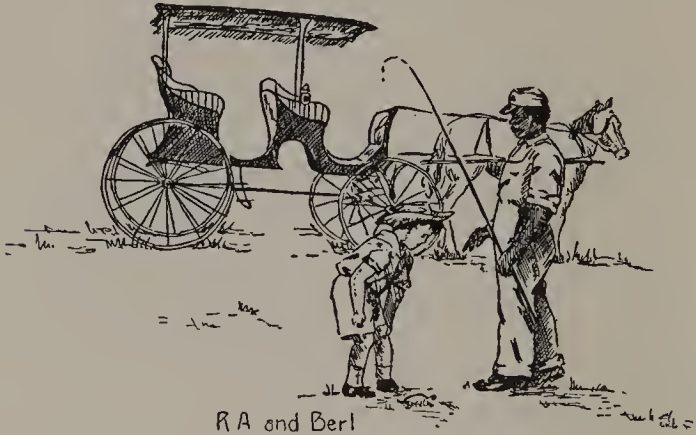
"You go ahead, Mema, because we want Marianne to hear that story about her dad when he was a little boy," said Bob. "Maybe I won't feel so bad this time, because I've heard the story so often, and I'll try to remember that it happened a long time ago."

All right then I will tell the story again. Unkie R. A. was the same sort of a person when he was a small boy that he is now. He never could stand to be treated unfairly, and if he were, he just simply could not like that person any more, and did not want to have

Grandmother Belle Remembers

a thing to do with him. But if he liked any one, he would go the limit in doing things to make life pleasant. He is like his father in that respect.

He felt he had been treated unjustly at school one day and so he resolved never to go



back. Burl Johnson, our yard man and driver, would take R. A. and his sisters, Dorothy and Betsy, to school in the surrey every day. But on the day after R. A. was treated so badly, when they were ready to drive off to school, R. A. said, "Mema, I'm not going." I told him to go on and get into the surrey. He did, but he came driving back with Burl and came into the house to me, more determined than ever not to go. I gave him a paddling and sent him back. Burl, pleading, beg-

ged him to go in but no, he would not budge. I sent him back the third time. I was at my wit's end and knew other tactics must be tried. And, as was my custom, when sorely tried and burdened, I carried my trouble to our Heavenly Father. I knew He would show me a way and He did, though when they came back for the third time it had not yet been revealed to me. I told Burl to drive in and put the carriage up. I went on out in the rear yard and the minute I laid eyes on R. A.'s pigeon house it came to me what God wanted me to do.

R. A. had a lovely pigeon house his father had built for him and some fine pigeons that were his pride and joy, and the envy of all his boy friends.

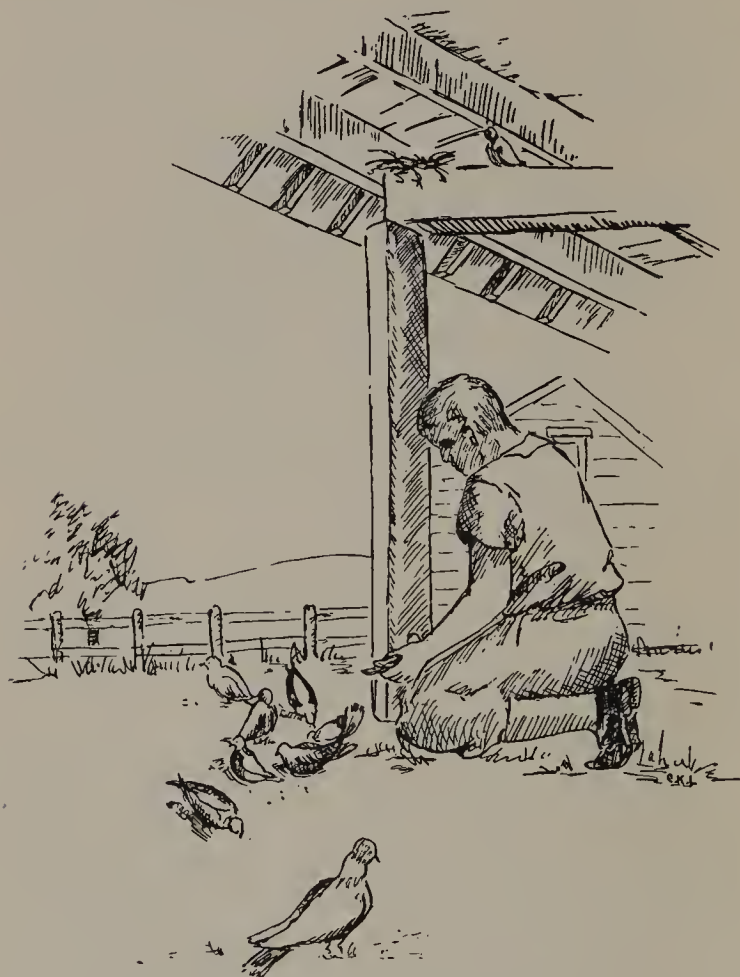
I took him by the hand and led him inside the pigeon house and asked Burl to bolt the door—maybe the poor little fellow thought I was going to beat him to death in there, but he didn't say a word.

In all his life he never resented anything I did or talked ugly or cross to me and I never punished him that he did not turn round and hug me. And I've often heard him say that he knew I never punished him unless he needed it.

He backed against the wall with his hands

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behind him, with wonder and consternation written on his face.



R.A. with his pigeons

I reached up and got a squab out of a nest and pulled its head off, dropped it to the ground where it sat back, quivered and died. I reached up and got another and we saw it quiver and die.

R. A. ran to me, threw his arms about my knees and cried, "Mama! Mama! If you won't kill any more squabs I'll go to school and never miss another day as long as I live!"

And so we went into the house. I washed his face and told him how sorry I was about the squabs, that I just had to do something drastic, and I knew he would keep his word.

But, he pleaded, "Mama, don't make me go today, because I've cried so much and they all know how I have acted. Tomorrow I'll feel better."

I'm glad it happened that way because that night his father and I decided he had not been dealt with fairly at school and we would not make him go back, but would send him to Miss Fitzhugh's private school, which we did, and he did not miss a day for three years. He was such a nice boy that Miss Fitzhugh said he might continue coming to school there after he was twelve years old, even though twelve was the age limit for boys in her school, for it was really a school for young ladies.

Not realizing how it would affect R. A. to

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see his squabs cooked and on the table, I did not tell the servants not to put them on. So when we assembled at dinner that evening there they were at his place. He got up and went out on the porch outside the dining room and cried himself to sleep, and Burl carried him upstairs and put him to bed.

It is a sad little story, isn't it, children? But try to remember it happened more than twenty-five years ago and Unkie can now see his mother did the right thing.

FERDINAND

The summer of 1938 the Browns were assembled on the ranch for the usual house party in June.

One afternoon as we were lounging on the porch, right after dinner, one of the boys asked Aunt Sis (Alabell) to read a new book called *Ferdinand*. And so we all heard, for the first time, that story about Ferdinand, the young bull, who desired only to sit in the shade and smell the flowers.

Later on Jim Record was asked to join in some activity, but he said, No, that what he liked best to do was to sit on the porch and gaze across the pasture at the cattle and the trees, and to smell the grass and breathe the pure air. His wife, in a facetious manner, reminded him that he just wanted to be another Ferdinand. So after that he was Ferdinand to us. Jim loves everything on the ranch so much that never a fault found he, except about one

thing. The bathroom with its accompanying conveniences seemed to be always in use, so he asked R. A. if he didn't think it a good idea to have an extra outhouse built for the men folks.

R. A. promised that the next summer would find the new building ready.

I was going out to visit my son's family in May. Jim, his mind still on the bathroom, asked me to see if R. A. had done anything about erecting the new building and if he had not, would I attend to it? I replied that Valda and I would manage it and have everything ship-shape for the gathering of the Brown clan in June.

First we had to see the county agent and get special government specifications. We gave the contract to the builder and it was built at the lumber yard and hauled out to the ranch on a truck and placed on its brick and cement foundation under a lacey mesquite tree down by the barn.

R. A., Valda, and I decided we would have a real jollification time dedicating this building—having speeches and suitable gifts from each member of the family. R. A. was to be master of ceremonies while I was to deliver the dedication speech.

J. M. North came to my apartment at the Woodlea one evening thinking his mother

Ferdinand

was there when he had failed to find her in her apartment. He is Jim Record's brother-in-law and business associate.



Ferdinand's Rest

I had been telling Mrs. North about what we were going to do and had said my speech for her; so she asked me to say it for Jimmie.

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It did not occur to me that Jimmie would tell the "gang" and that they would come out and help dedicate Ferdinand's house good and proper. About eight couples came out, making about forty-five at the dedication. We sat in a semi-circle around the porch.

R. A. stood at the left of Ferdinand. As he arose he said, "Friends, we are gathered here today to dedicate a new building on the Brown Ranch to the honor and glory and special need of Ferdinand." (Slapping Jim on the back). "Mrs. Brown, Sr. will tell you just why it was necessary to erect this new building."

I arose and made my contribution:

*Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Not about the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
But the story of James R. Record,
Who is our Ferdinand dear.*

*Ferdinand lives in the city
Where the West begins,
But oftentimes longs for the land
Where the population thins.*

*And the smell of the cattle
And the new mown hay,
All tend to call him
From his paper away.*

Ferdinand

*So he hies to the Brown Ranch
Near Throckmorton town,
Where he enjoys
Just sitting around.*

*But he never has liked the
Ranch house accommodation,
So he pondered and pondered,
And settled upon a Chick Sales specification.*

*Then he engaged Madams Brown and Brown
To build it,
With just one requirement—
A good place to sit.*

*While this structure is not
Of Hollywood size,
Just the same, it makes
You movie wise.*

*So now, on the ranch, Ferdinand
Can joyfully caper
And return full of pep to
His Fort Worth paper.*

ON THE RANCH

Many interesting things have been written about the cowboy: his bronco, his love affairs, and his glorious freedom. Many true and thrilling stories of adventure and amusement are told about the plains country, the trail, and the drivers.

Old-timers say our Texas blue northers do not blow up like they used to. My experience is that they do, because I have known the temperature to drop sixty-five degrees in an hour. I also believe that the hot winds are just as hot as they used to be; but because of development and progress the old order of ranching has given way to the new.

Even my remembrance doesn't go back to the "Longhorn Day." When I married a cattleman, his favorite breed was the Short-horn (Durham); then he switched to the black Polled Angus; and now we raise only registered Herefords.

You cannot know America until you see the wonders of our Lone Star State—the

On the Ranch

state that was once a nation. She is now the biggest of America's children. Texas, so rich in petroleum, cattle, cotton, potash, lignite, silver, and pecans helps to feed the markets of the world with these products. To know Texas, visit our Fort Worth rodeo, our biggest of state capitols that cost Texas three



Branding

million acres of land. See the fifty-mile canal that Houston dug to bring sea-going vessels to her port, and many other things. Texas is also rich in sons and daughters, with vast educational advantages, because our State University struck oil.

I started out to write about the Browns' own little plot of ranch land in Texas, but it seems I got lost in the vastness of Texas' quarter of a million square miles.

We keep the ranch house vacant so that we may go out when we desire or allow friends to go out to fish and hunt. One of our tanks is so immense that R. A. calls it The Pacific Ocean. It is well stocked with fish and happy hours are spent on its banks fishing and picnicking.

I recall an occasion this summer when two couples went out from Fort Worth. One of the gentlemen had an inner tube that he sat on and floated out where the water was deep, to fish. The Brown and Clowe families joined these couples for a fish fry one evening. R. A. sent Truitt Self, our ranch foreman, over ahead of time with equipment for cooking. He is a noted fisherman as well as cook. When they arrived, Truitt was sitting out in the middle of the tank on that tube fishing away in his cowboy togs, big hat, with his flies pinned all around the brim—making a picture well worth remembering. He turned the fishing over to the guests and began cleaning and frying, all the while regaling them with his interesting jokes and stories.

The most enjoyable times on the ranch are when we are there in June for rest and relaxation. There are rides over the ranch, swimming parties, picnics, stories and games on the porch, good eats, and the ever interesting

games of baseball out between the barns and garages, just before supper, every evening.

Jim, Charlie, Billy, R. A., their wives and children, and any visitors we may have, all take part. There are spectators too. Benches and chairs are placed at a safe distance from Jim Clowe's left-hand, over-the-fence balls. Belle Scotty doesn't know "beans" about baseball but she loves to watch her family play.

We have great times dancing too, with "lady round the lady and gents so-lo, and lady round the gent and the gent don't go; swing your partners then let 'em go; grapevine round and do-se-do."

Jim Record gets up week-end parties for us Browns at the Baker Hotel in Mineral Wells. Marianne Brown is his chief assistant in arranging these outings; has been since the day she said, "Uncle Jim, you work up your end of the line and I'll work the Throckmorton end."

SWEET MEMORIES

Tonight I am going to tell of a sweet memory I have of each one of you, beginning with Chuck, the oldest.

Some of the happiest hours Chuck and I ever had were those times I visited the Clowes in Ardmore when he was two, three, four, and five years old, and I went quite often to see them.

When he was three years old I made him a coat out of a red flannel dress I had made for his mother the year before she married. It was trimmed in bandings of cross-stitching in black. He was just about the prettiest, cutest little fellow that ever was, in that coat, with his golden brown ringlets.

We always took a little walk just before his nap in the mornings; then a longer walk in the afternoons. We nearly always went up the street from the house on Stanley Boulevard for about two blocks; then we turned left, going out past a floral nursery. We loved to look at the growing plants in the glass

houses. We would listen to the mocking birds sing or see the first robin or bluebird; try to catch a little rabbit or tell nature stories. A man out that way had several acres fenced off in pens where he raised quail. We would watch them through the fence.

The Old Confederate Home was out that way and we would see some of the old soldiers walking and we would talk about them and wonder when and where they fought and if they were wounded. Those were happy days for me—enjoying my first grandchild and seeing his mentality unfold day by day.

I read much to Chuck too, Mother Nature stories about the little animals. We would laugh and have so much fun it was hard to tell which one was having the best time.

When I would be visiting Chuck in Oklahoma during those years my thoughts would wander back to Fort Worth where another little fellow, just six months younger than Chuck, was missing and longing for me to come back—little Bob Morris who was living in my home and continued to live with me until he was past five years old. And many were the good times we had too.

Bob and I would walk and drive and read and tell stories. Sometimes we would take long street-car rides. That was a great novel-

ty, and in the years to come will be interesting to recall, for the last street car rails were removed from our Fort Worth streets this year, 1940. Sometimes when the weather was bad we would put on our coats, spread a heavy lap robe on the swing on the front porch, then wrap it around us, and sit there and watch the cars go by. Talk about the moon and stars and clouds and say poetry and tell stories. Today we can see the results of those days, the driving home of the wonderful truths of life.

Jim Clowe's happy times with me were spent in going to the park to see the animals and snakes and to ride the ponies. All the boys loved the riding academy and since we went often, they were good riders at three and four years of age. Especially rough and ready Bob. They loved the merry-go-round, the ferris wheel, and the little train that went over bridges and through tunnels. When they visited me I spent most of my time at the park or driving with them and I never grew tired of this form of recreation.

Ed was two years old when the Morris family went to Austin to live. He was a frail little fellow until he was five; but after that he was as well and husky as the others.

He would make longer visits to me than the others, for various reasons. Once he came

to avoid taking whooping cough from Bob, but not soon enough, because he developed it. But he had me to give him my undivided attention; so he got along fine.

He too, loved the park, best of all. Sometimes the boys would all come at once; then I would have help in caring for them. As Marianne and Rob came along they would visit grandmother too. Marianne loved best to be told stories about her daddy, and to draw and paint, though she too loved the park and its amusements. She loved to play dolls with little girl friends.

Rob is only four and I have seen less of him than the others, but we do have good times when we are together and he thinks I'm just his age and must play as he does.

I hope, as long as I live, that there will be children for me to love and help to rear, and to pass on to the better things I have learned from life; that there will always be wooded hills and lanes where flowers flourish, where we may walk and commune with God and each other.

JUST ME

I've used up all my children and grandchildren but before I close these memoirs I want to tell something about my own shortcomings and peculiarities. I shall not point out my faults. You may know them, but if I record them here you won't be able to forget them.

I've been a busy woman all my life, with the home, the children, and a sick husband for years, but God has been kind to me, giving me the comforts and security of a home and the means to rear and educate my children. Not wealth but comforts. Later I wanted these things as stepping stones to peace, security, and relaxation, for myself in my old age, with something more added that I might help others less fortunate than I. My son, in the management of my affairs, is giving me these—and how grateful I am!

One of my peculiarities is that I hate to take a bath, but love to be clean; so I get it over with as quickly as possible. I never

day-dream in the bath like my daughter Betsy does. Contract bridge is my favorite pastime and recreation, though I love all games. I love and memorize poetry and always have, from that first little poem in my primary reader:

*"Work while you work and play while you play
For that is the way to be cheerful and gay.*

*All that you do, do with your might,
Things done by halves are never done right.*

*One thing at the time and that done well,
Is a very good rule as many can tell.*

*Moments are useless trifled away,
Work while you work and play while you play."*

I firmly believe this little poem has been my inspiration and motto through life because I have unconsciously lived its teachings.

I love to pay my bills and am never late in doing so. But the Scotch in me never allows me to spend all I have.

I love to sit on the porch or in a car and watch the panorama of the street. Or sit in a big dining room or on a railroad diner or club-car gazing about at my neighbors, like watching a movie. Though, of course, not in a rude way.

I have never ridden in an airplane or an elevated train or subway. I have had one

long sea voyage and was so sick all the while that I shall never go again.

I have a keen sense of humor—that's the Irish in me, from my mother. Many say I have patience and calmness. I guess, if that be true, that is the reason I get along so well with my grandchildren.

I trust and love my Savior and thank Him almost hourly for my many blessings. I believe that we rise to spiritual heights on stepping stones of material things.

I am a very strong believer that our viewpoint is a determining factor in making life happy; that we all have troubles—they are a part of life. Sorrows that would crush some are borne lightly by others; some have the gift of finding happiness in little things.

There isn't a new sorrow in the world in which we cannot find new happiness if we look at it in the right way.

I believe love to the old is true love because it is no longer blind; that ardent caresses are no longer needed—just the clasp of a wrinkled hand is assurance enough.

If I were broadcasting, I would say to all of you out there that I have come in contact with: "Thanks for helping to brighten my life!"

Just Me

When the pearly gates swing open for me
I'm going to say: "Here I am, dear Lord.
Thanks for a wonderful time on earth!"



Belle Brown

